

## PIEDMONT FOX-HUNTERS

TWO WEEKS OF GENUINE SPORT  
EXCITING RACES IN THE MOUNTAINS  
HOW THE CUNNING GAME IS HUNTED  
INCIDENTS OF A PLEASANT JOURNEY

**Hospitality in the Old North State—A Pretty Little Game of Entons—The Camp at Angelville—A North Carolina Romance—Points of Historic Interest Visited.**

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To North Carolina, to participate in the annual fox hunt. By common consent, they had agreed to leave "the stop" behind, and for the time being to forget politics, office, even friends, and give themselves wholly up to the excitement of the chase and such other pleasures as might present themselves during a three weeks' sojourn in and near the section of the Blue Ridge mountains which traverse the northwestern section of the Old North State. Their immediate destination was the village of Reidsville, Rockingham county, North Carolina, where they were due on Tuesday at 3 p.m. Fate or the delay of the train to the Northern

train tell them back one hour, and an accident of a serious nature just prior to the close of the trip added still another hour to their discomfiture, which not even the exciting chances of a game of Pedro could smooth over.

There is an end to all things earthy, and by six o'clock we had disembarked at Beaufort, where we were met by Hon. Thomas B. Ketchum and Gen. S. A. Douglass, on behalf of the North Carolina gentlemen whose guests we were to be. A hurried dinner followed, and then, in no-top light spring wagons, we started for a drive of seventeen miles to

MILBERRY PLANTATION,

the famous plantation of Judge Thomas Settle.

The start was bravely made, but before three miles of the distance had been traversed the rain fell so fast that it was impossible to see. I gave notice that it was no April shower. There was no turn back, however, and on we pushed with accelerated speed for the village of Wentworth, the county seat of Rockingham. This was reached just as darkness was coming on, and as the rain poured down like a waterfall, the council drove to the council of war followed, some urging a halt and others an advance, but as no agreement could be reached we separated, four declaring their intention of reaching Mulberry that night, and the remainder concluding that the comforts of the hotel at Wentworth were well worth the drive of eight miles, during which two trunks were

river had to be forded, and any quantity of pine forests gone through. For those who started it was an

ADVENTUROUS TRIP, the details of which would, with a little imagination, make a first-class dime novel, but are unimportant as a portion of this record. The principal features, however, as summed up may be briefly stated. The road and, drove five miles out of the way and back; spent twice as long and slightly damaged the wagon, but luckily except the thorough soaking none of the party were damaged, and thanks to the small flask of apple brandy, taken as a precautionary measure, the effects of the rain were of but temporary inconvenience in the shape of raw shins.

The plantation was reached by 10 p. m., and there, waiting to receive us, were Judge Sattler, Major L. W. Anderson, Mr. James Peay and several other gentlemen of the section who were to participate in the hunt. The wet clothes were changed, and the horses were groomed and taken as medicine, a first-class supper done up in justice to, and then the ill effects of the rainy drive were talked over before the crackling fire in the huge fire-place of the hospitable sitting-room.

Plans were soon arranged. If the rain ceased, (and before the hour for retiring it was evident it would), we would start at daylight for a hunt on Napper's hill, and, dreaming of deer, hares, foxes, foxes, foxes and exciting rides, the

By 3:30 a. m. we were aroused, and half an hour later the entire party were seated and partaking of a breakfast which was quite a fine spread. "Put a smack in your pockets; you will need it," was the injunction of the Judge, and it was obeyed without formality.

Then we started for the mount just as the first streaks of grey were stealing over the mountain tops. By the time we had reached the top of the mountain saw that his saddle-girth was properly adjusted, his bridle in shape. The Major, who was to lead the charge, sounded his horn; the dogs, some twenty in number, responded with a yell.

But at last, after a long space of a seven-mile ride to the mountain, the end of it, newspaper men, starting at that hour on a day's work, they bravely followed the leader, and kept up to him, too. Now through a pine forest, now in a bridle-path, where the young trees made riding difficult, now fording a deep stream, over stones, though good, until, at last, they were at the base of the great one, which it was expected would be struck. It loomed up almost perpendicular, formed of moss-covered rocks, between the crevices of which a straggling growth of trees had found their way. To our surprise the leader quietly began the upward march, we following. It was

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

not clinging tightly to the mane of the pinto and the horse-footed leader. He climbed back safely, made a dash for the mill race and, safely made, made, and looked eastward the first signs of the sun were observed, as he rose full, red and glorious—a sure harbinger of good and gracious weather. As we halted the huntsman called up the dogs and started forward with them, bidding us remain where we were. The first of the morning animal broke the stillness of the morning, followed immediately by a full chorus far sweeter to the hunter's ear than ever the best-rendered opera. "That's Music; she's struck it," said one of the veterans, "bawling with pride the flower of his voice." "We've got to be quiet," said another, "but keep quiet." The cry continued but grew weaker, and fearful that we should lose sight of

the dogs were urged an advance and started off.  
The trail he urged. Let them get up with it and  
"be successful enough," said Jim Gray. Then we  
went back to the dogs and they began to bark and  
chatter as they struck the water, dashed on their  
mission to follow and the cheerful information,  
"they've got one up, sure. Keep up with us, and  
don't get lost."

WE FOLLOWED THE LEADERS.

and he followed the sound of the dogs, now tell-  
ing us, at some still distant cry, rose, looked  
up and above the chime of the excited barking.  
That's music! That's Trump! That's success!  
On the "happy" howling his black and white  
legs were bent and he was running here and there  
on his own. He was moving about here and there  
on his own. He was moving about here and there

his mad race for life he was skirting the base of the mountain, with the pack hard upon him, while we, as excited as the dogs we were hallooing on and the horses we rode, were following from a safe distance. The growth of trees and other intervening obstacles. The pace was not a very rapid one, but it was too rapid for some of the party. Boh Moore, who was leading the way, was knocked completely off his horse; the animal fled red hot twice with him, and hardly a man in the party was without a bruise or a scratch in dealing with trees. Minor accidents were overlooked in the excitement and eagerness to get a look at the dog, and this gratification was in store for us. As we began to quietly descend the slope, the picture in all its beauty was presented to us, although

space of the base ran

**THE HUNTED ANIMAL.**

And behind him, probably seventy-five yards, were the leaders of the pack, the followers dashing along as closely as possible, continuously uttering their welcome chorus. In a moment the chorus ceased. "He's thrown them off," said one of the excited party, but a moment later the ringing voice of Major Mowbray, who had followed the blood trail, was heard: "Hark on, hark on, my pretty dogs." The old mare's scream. Look, there he is on the fence." And, looking in the direction indicated, there was the hunted beast, running one of the signals

Music. Ring; bark on my pretty dogs," again rang out the Major's voice. And, obedient to the well understood command, the best trained dogs had again got the scent, and the musical voice of the hunter was supported by the howling of the pack. It was a quick, its but short work now; there are too close on him; he can't last much longer." And off again at breakneck speed we started, in a group, following in a line which anticipated the run of the beast. The direction was right, but we were wrong, as the foot of the mountain was reached, the dogs and pack were nearly together, in full view, but our progress was stopped by

which even the veterans dared not attempt. In two minutes they'll have him, and with eyes strained and pulses bounding at the exciting race to soon to close we watched the struggle. It was but short. A loud, untidy yell of triumph from the pack told the story. The dog was dead. The victors barked and yelped, attempting to call the dogs off, and in a moment Bob Moore and Jim Yonny, who had got separated from the party, dashed in at the death. The dogs were beaten off the brush secured, and satiated with the ride, which had lasted six hours, we turned back to the house. The dogs were fed and were quite home with sharpened appetites to enjoy the waiting dinner, spend the afternoon and evening as inclination suggested, and pre-

are by early retirement and therefore are a repetition of the sport on which they were first engaged.

The horsemanship of the party that remained at Wentworth furnishes the following account of their first day out:

FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING,  
cold and clear, the sky thickly streaked with stars, and a thin crescent of a moon, half hidden by tall trees which fringe the horizon; a dozen horses are held by so many dusky grooms, some with lanterns lightening the saddle girths and otherwise preparing for the morrow; a score of hounds, yelping incessantly as they make the tree with their voices, are gathered round the stable door, and, to the first tune whoever speaks of game, and to the first time whoever speaks of that wildness of which he has previously en-

**[See Fourth Page.]**